A JOURNEY STEP BY STEP TO TRUTH

EDNA WADSWORTH MOODY

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A JOURNEY STEP BY STEP TO TRUTH

JOURNEY STEP *by* STEP TO TRUTH

or, FIRST HAND PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCE

By EDNA WADSWORTH MOODY

Author of "WE ARE HERE—WHY?"

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TO

THE MAN OF MY HEART

WHO HAS CONSISTENTLY ENCOURAGED

AND SUSTAINED ME IN MY INSIGNIFICANT EFFORTS

TO ABIDE BY MY CONSCIENCE —

TO MY GREATLY BELOVED —

HERBERT RAYMOND MOODY

FOREWORD

IT WAS my wish to publish anonymously this intimate recital of my inner life, but I have been persuaded that the story would lose in force. I give my testimony, I share my experiences — contrary to my preference — hoping that some other may be incited to a whole-souled search for the truth that makes free.

I have not drawn upon my imagination in the slightest particular; as far as is humanly possible this book embodies a rehearsal of absolute fact.

EDNA WADSWORTH MOODY

A Journey Step by Step To Truth

UR home was a New England suburb. In our household were father, four daughters, and a semi-invalid aunt who did not count — I regret to say; the eldest, a married son, lived nearby. Four girls each having a dozen friends coming and going made a lively home. Rarely if ever was there a meal without guests.

We were brought up Congregationalists but with liberalism in our veins, for a grandfather of Puritan stock had dared even in those days to be a Universalist! As growing girls our social life centered in the church; strawberry festivals, picnics, and later monthly church suppers afforded diversion. Waiting on the table was a great privilege, passing steaming hot scalloped oysters, lobster salad, cold meats, apple tarts, and lemon pies with puff paste. Each household sent or rather carried its specialties.

An innocently gay group of young people, we went to these various meetings together. All was not light-heartedness, however, a serious

purpose guided us as far as our stage of development permitted. When I was sixteen years old, my beautiful mother was taken ill; no one expected her illness to be fatal, least of all the physician; but we were left alone, a heart-broken man and a bewildered, bereft family. She died on Sunday. On Friday when I saw the nurse leave, I had slipped into the room and leaning over with my face close to hers had said, "Mother, I have decided to be a Christian." She crinkled her eyes in the sweetest smile and expressed her approval. She did have a lovely smile. Knowing that I could make her laugh, I used to think up things to say purposely to arouse her merriment, and then I watched her expression.

Having made up my mind to be a Christian, for years I earnestly and faithfully tried to follow the commandments and the New Testament precepts. At prayer meeting, when all who wished to array themselves on the side of the Lord were asked to stand, with palpitating heart I stood. When I kept the agreement to read aloud a verse at each meeting, I quivered at my temerity. When I tremblingly took my turn to lead the meeting, I felt that I was confessing the Lord before men. During the formative period of my life I sincerely labored for five years to love God and to love my neighbor

as myself. The fundamental values of such training for life are beyond estimate. Good for the faithful workers in that old Chestnut Street church — for their time and love expended in our service. I am grateful to those women who have passed.

One early evening as I emerged from the house, Father stood watering the flowers.

"What, off again?" he inquired, "Where now?"

"Christian Endeavor," I replied.

"Well, well! You were at church all day Sunday. You went to morning service, to your Sunday School class, to Christian Endeavor at seven, and prayer meeting at eight o'clock. Now you are going again tonight. I call that religious dissipation."

I hesitated a minute, but his speech belied the twinkle in his bright brown eyes. Inquiringly I looked at him.

"Oh, go ahead! I do not object if you want to go. You'll get over it in time." His eyes shone with amusement.

To express with equal sympathy and understanding the girl of that time and the attractive little flapper of today would take a Macaulay. She is quite as promising as we were. But it is entertaining to picture our bobbed-haired little jazz-dancer voluntarily starting out for an hour's

meeting of testimony, praise, singing, and prayer.

Strangely enough I did not join the church; it was because I could not subscribe to the old-fashioned creed which still obtained in letter. Father was liberal in his views, for it was his father in the early part of the nineteenth century who had the temerity to repudiate eternal punishment. My literal adherence to truth, possibly inherited from my mother's father, a Scotch Presbyterian elder, withheld me from signing the creed with mental reservations suggested by the minister.

At this point I must view myself through the large end of memory's opera glasses. It is a morning in May. A slender girl steps to the open door, drinks in the loveliness of the day, closes her eyes and breathes deeply of the intoxicating freshness of spring. How she loves it! How she loves life and people! Filled with the joy of existence, she turns into the house. As the months roll by into summer, into autumn, and on into winter, I watch her. There she is, active, loving study, reading voraciously, adoring her family and friends. Wherever I turn the glasses I find her happy in her occupation, be it singing, dancing, entertaining friends in her own home, teaching Sunday School class, or reading to a blind little old lady.

Discarding the glasses, I recall one day when I was about twenty-one a young Unitarian minister came to our town. His college courses had led him to study the religions of the world, and comparative religions had become the inspiration of his whole life. He threw himself with intense ardor into the dissemination of this knowledge; we were the first to meet the fresh impact of his inspiration.

Several of us from other denominations joined his class in Comparative Religions, a weekly social event. Eager and alert to learn, we were fallow soil for his spirited teachings, but too uninformed to co-ordinate our own with other great religions. We needed broadening — without doubt! One's religion must stand the test of every other truth; otherwise there is something faulty in its tenets. He taught us the truth and gave us intellectual breadth. This attractive young man, logical and thorough, firmly led us along through the various religions proving as he went that much of our Bible cannot be interpreted in its literal sense.

In one respect I suffered extremely: I had an intuitive loyalty and an abiding love for Jesus the Christ. The young minister read us teachings of the Buddha, written five hundred years earlier, that were almost identical with the teachings of the Nazarene. The impression received

was that Jesus was a sort of plagiarist, but undoubtedly this was not the intention of the teacher. The thought made me hold my breath! Today we know that the Buddha was a messenger sent by God centuries before Jesus the Christ came to earth. Today we know that the plane of consciousness of the Buddha was higher than ours and that Jesus the Master spoke from the same height. Both were conversant with the same spiritual truths.

My original interpretation of the Bible had been too circumscribed and it broke down under the unveiling of only part of the truth. The undermining of my religious belief was an unwinding, a gradual transformation from a child-like faith, through scepticism to actual unbelief. Step by step our teacher of Comparative Religions marshalled his facts in appalling appeal to our reason. I was intellectually convinced by our teacher but troubled at heart. Step by step I followed, but, step by step, I looked back regretfully at the diminishing beliefs till one day they vanished in a far away perspective.

I take up the memory glass and see this young woman walking among the flower beds touching the flowers affectionately, but with a trace of sadness and a lack of the usual joyousness in her expression. She enters the house and passes

into the sitting-room. There she stands thinking, thinking, thinking, and suddenly in a blinding flash it comes to her that she has lost her religion, utterly, a complete collapse! She is an agnostic! She puts her arms on the mantel shelf, drops her head upon them and weeps bitterly.

Man must have something to live by, a philosophy, a religion, or an activity that is his religion. After a few years I evolved a simple philosophy of my own: There is intelligent purpose in life — one has only to observe carefully with open mind to recognize this fact; it includes an obligation for every one to do his best — otherwise the purpose is frustrated. That was all! As for life after death, it would be wonderful, but impossible to prove. I had always been a lover of science and now that my critical faculty was keenly alert, I must have reasons for my religious belief. But there seemed no way of acquiring them.

This philosophy although including an obligation to live up to highest ideals, provided no incentive comparable to that inspired by spiritual knowledge. The years rolled by — active, friendly, joyous years, but not years lived to their depths. Life is full of spiritualities. In the words of Emerson, " We lie open on one

side to the deeps of spiritual nature," a truth I did not realize. Deity never forces entrance through closed doors. Such a philosophy, however, lacks the deadening effect of positive negation for, at least, it leaves the mind free for the reception of new facts. And these very facts served as a starting point for my delightful journey — step by step — to truth.

In the newspapers and magazines more than fifteen years ago were many articles about the Emmanuel Movement — a Coué Movement of that day with an exception: Doctor Worcester and Doctor McComb took safeguards and precautions by co-operating with scientific physicians. The power of the soul-forces over the physical body, and the possibilities of self-cure were then new to the general public. As Doctor Worcester himself has said, " Up to that time no one with academic training and with a mind truly filled with respect for science so-called had ever undertaken a work of this character." It made a tremendous impression on the public mind and its influence must have been incalculable.

During this period Doctor Worcester spent his vacation near us, and for eighteen evenings he sat with my husband and me on a broad veranda overlooking Seneca Lake. This charm-

ing man, from his store of experience, stimulated our minds. Indeed, "character teaches above our wills," for before we parted, I asked him to select for me some intellectually stimulating reading. "I have read nothing containing new ideas," I said, "since Lecky's 'History of European Development' so long ago, I am simply hungry for something worth while to think about." He sent me a list of books pre-eminent in modern thought. And without realizing what I was doing, I took my first step in quest of The Holy Grail.

The first book read was "The Dissociation of a Personality," by Morton Prince, Doctor of Medicine, Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System; it was a biological study in abnormal psychology. If you wish to know the contents of a clock, you take it to pieces. Abnormal psychology is like that, for it reveals hidden recesses of mind undiscoverable in an intact, normal human being. I recall myself curled up on a couch till one o'clock in the morning to finish it, although I like to tumble into bed at ten. I was both fascinated and mystified.

Materialism is like a tough cocoanut shell requiring a sharp, forceful blow even to crack it. This book was a blow weakening the resistance of my materialistic shell.

A girl, a neurasthenic of an extreme type, whose headaches, insomnia, persistent fatigue, and poor digestion prohibited work, came to Doctor Prince. Finding it impossible to relieve her by conventional treatment, he finally resorted to hypnotic suggestion. There was a marked and immediate improvement, but it was not permanent, and the hypnosis was repeated.

Miss Beauchamp herself is referred to as B I and Miss Beauchamp hypnotized as B II. B II was much more calm and normal than B I. One day when hypnotized to a deeper degree, an entirely new personality appeared, B III or Sally. This interesting visitor referred to either B I or B II as "she." Doctor Prince asked,

"Why are you not 'she'?"

"Because she does not know the same things that I do," replied Sally.

"But you both have the same arms and legs, haven't you?"

"Yes, but arms and legs do not make us the same."

When Doctor Prince hypnotized B II to a deeper state, to B III — Sally, her whole expression changed, and her whole manner. She was transformed to lively, vivacious, stuttering Sally, full of impishness, with a saucy deviltry difficult to describe. She observed things unnoticed by Miss Beauchamp and remembered

what Miss Beauchamp forgot or what she had never known. She recalled events in her own psychological life and compared her impressions and likes and dislikes with Miss Beauchamp's — both experienced simultaneously. She claimed to remember as far back as when B I was learning to walk and was frightened and wanted to go back; she, Sally, was not frightened and wanted to proceed. As a small child she disliked many things and people that Miss Beauchamp liked and she described the difference in their sensations during specific happenings. Through the six years of her coming and going she insisted, and with reasons to back her statements, that she was not Miss Beauchamp, that she was a distinct person and always had been.

Sally knew Miss Beauchamp's inner life; she analyzed causes and traced their effect on Miss Beauchamp's action — really fascinating revelations! In his desire to make Miss Beauchamp a normal, healthy person, Doctor Prince found Sally of inestimable value.

Hypnotized, Miss Beauchamp sat always with her eyes closed; as Sally she developed a habit of vigorously rubbing her eyes.

"I want to get my eyes open!" she exclaimed in answer to Doctor Prince. "I want to see; I have a right to see!"

One June morning Miss Beauchamp sat day-

dreaming by an open window; this passive state was Sally's opportunity; she therefore exerted her will, rubbed her eyes, and willed to open them. And she succeeded. She came into full possession of a body which she claimed to be not her own. From this moment dated her independent existence, but, unless Miss Beauchamp was tired or passive, she could not "come" at will. Sally never felt pain nor fatigue, she walked miles, relinquished use of the body, and Miss Beauchamp, when she came to herself, experienced the lassitude. Sally had her own separate perceptions and thoughts and during the time of her occupation, Miss Beauchamp's life was entirely wiped out. This was not true of Sally whose conscious state co-existed with Miss Beauchamp's. Sally — placidly sane — when Miss Beauchamp was delirious in illness, obeyed Doctor Prince's order, and willed to "come" to take medicine at stated periods.

To complicate matters still further, a new personality appeared, B IV, and alternated with B I and Sally; from this situation there arose clash of wills. Sally hated B I, called her a "stupid chump," ridiculed her love of books and religion; she disliked B IV less, but perpetrated upon her outrageous jokes. B I carelessly losing some money was put on an allowance by Sally who doled out five and ten cents at a

time. Sally knew B I's thoughts, but B I did not know Sally's and therefore did not know where the money was hidden. Each of the three personalities had diverse tastes and interests and each struggled and schemed to use the body.

Which manifestation was the real Miss Beauchamp? To find out and blend the others with her was the problem. Doctor Prince discovered that B I in hypnosis, that is, B II, was the same young woman as B IV in hypnosis, that is, B V. B II and B V were an identical person coördinating all memories except those of Sally. Consequently Doctor Prince suggested to B II to awake from her hypnosis as the girl B II and not B I. She awoke with a vacant countenance, with her mental associations completely disorganized, and did not know Doctor Prince; in fact, she appeared a dement. The doctor returned to his first hypothesis and attempted to blend B I and B IV. In the course of his experiments, he learned that Sally knew who was the real Miss Beauchamp, and that it had been Sally who had interfered with the resurrection of B II from hypnosis, for B II was the real Miss Beauchamp. Her original dissociation had occurred at the time of an intense shock before her first appearance at Doctor Prince's office. Should the real girl become perfectly organized, Sally would be squeezed into the background. She

struggled to prevent it; she would not have it so! It was for this reason that she willed B II, when awakened from hypnosis, to act like an idiot. As Miss Beauchamp grew stronger and stronger, Sally, forced to accept her fate, appeared less and less frequently. The memories of B I, B II, and B IV, were coördinated, and Miss Beauchamp said,

"We are all the same girl — all but Sally."

What was this weird power — hypnotism — with its startling results? It had shown the mind area which governs the cells of the physical body to be amenable to suggestion. It had shown a record of one's daily living somewhere to be preserved. Crystal gazing, for instance, induced in Miss Beauchamp brought back to her not the usual vision of small objects reflected in a glass, but a rehearsal of past scenes in which she again takes part, and in which she relives former emotions. In one crystal vision she saw some money she had lost fall from her book to the window-sill and blow away. Hypnotism had disclosed unknown recesses and resources of the mind. And I asked myself, "What facts in nature are hidden behind these phenomena?"

Again, what about these apparently complete Egos introduced through hypnotism using the

one body? What is Sally's status — Sally — a perfect entity, sharing the physical body of another — an interloper — a looker-on! The whole situation introduced me into a world of curious and enigmatical facts.

The second book was written also by a physician, Doctor DuBois of Berne, Switzerland, "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders." His success with his patients was so notable that even physicians hastened to benefit personally from his cures. "Everything that takes place in the field of ideas is of psychic origin," he said. I had known nothing about psychic causes producing bodily effects; I knew nothing about treatment from the psychic plane. And yet, Doctor DuBois declared that in every disease a true psychological physician could find opportunity for psychic treatment.

Doctor DuBois gave generous acknowledgment to wise general practitioners, to able surgeons, and especially to the distinguished physicians of France who were devoting their wisdom and utmost labor to the study of nervous and mental disorders — to Charcot, to the school of Nancy, to Bernheim, and Liébeault. He himself shrunk from the use of hypnotism and rarely resorted to it, "moral vivisection," he called it. He believed the same ends attainable without hypnotic control. Man is constantly re-

ceiving and acting upon suggestions during the day's living, for in his ordinary state he has been found to be highly suggestible, the healthy more so than the sick. Many an autosuggestion lays the foundation for future disability. Ill and ailing persons often "live imbued with autosuggestions which they have created in themselves."

Doctor DuBois proved to his patients that they created pains by their own ideas. A patient, for instance, described an emotion that gave her a headache. A headache results from some material process in the brain, and the material process in the brain is caused by an emotion — but an emotion is the outcome of an idea. Since this is true of a headache, it is true of many other pains. "An emotion tires the organism," he said, "and particularly the nervous system more than the most intense physical or intellectual work."

"There is a cerebral state corresponding to every idea." An autosuggestion is an idea so powerful that it causes a cerebral change and gives rise to sensation; one thinks the window open and the imaginary draught results in a head cold. Doctor DuBois himself had had a sensation of heat from an unlighted stove he supposed contained a fire. "All sensation," he held, "remains a pure psychic phenomenon." Some per-

sons fasten their attention to their sensations and allow themselves to be impressed by them, resulting in autosuggestions.

"Your whole state of helplessness," he remarked to a patient, "is due only to your conviction of helplessness."

Doctor DuBois made his appeal through the reason of his patients; his object was to act on their mentality and engender their co-operation; his was an appeal to a sound philosophy of life, to moral education. He accentuated the necessity of making independent decisions uninfluenced by another's destructive suggestions; his object was to incite the patient to become master of himself through the exercise of the reason; his was an appeal to will-power and self-control. Over and over he explained the vicious power of harmful autosuggestions. He found his influence potent with those whose good sense was at least partially preserved; he knew that not only imaginary troubles, but real ones were overcome by studied stoicism. Explaining with patience and gentleness he was sometimes successful in one conversation in dispelling a phobia or dissipating a weakness.

This method of treatment takes an immense amount of time, but Doctor DuBois saw his patients regain robust health after years of suffering and "enjoy a healthy life from a triple

point of view — the psychic, the intellectual, and the moral."

Case after case of deep human interest is cited by Doctor DuBois, one piled upon another, showing the power of autosuggestion in its dire or beneficent effect upon the body and its functions. One woman, sent to him as a desperate case, had for nine years suffered continually and had been from one rest cure to another. After a thorough physical examination he found that she had no organic lesion, and, as she was unusually intelligent, he told her frankly in their first conversation that her long list of afflictions were of psychic origin. This does not mean that her ailments were imaginary; identical troubles occur in the physical organism from either of two causes — the physical and the psychical.

"You believe, then," this woman replied to him, "that I could write and stand in the daylight if I had an inner conviction that I could do all that?"

"Yes, you have good eyes, the oculist has told you so. I do not see, then, why you could not read. The nervous asthenopia, as we call it, has never been anything but a conviction."

"You believe also that I could stand upon my feet and walk from the moment that I have the conviction of this power?"

"Yes, you have no paralysis, nor any cerebral,

medullary, nor peripheral affection which would hinder you from walking."

"Very well, I see that I must change my whole manner of looking at my trouble. Why has no one ever told me this before?"

She was on her feet in three days and soon went home cured.

A man of forty years suffering from dyspepsia and insomnia Doctor DuBois placed in a boarding house near-by. The patient was exceptionally sensitive to noise and complained bitterly of the coppersmith's hammering in the neighborhood, of noisy carts passing, of dogs barking, of neighbors coming home late at night disturbing his rest. The doctor had no other room for him and said that if he had he would consider it better for the gentleman to stay where he was. Wherever he lived he would be subjected to noises resulting from the activities of his fellows. "The noises of life are inevitable," Doctor DuBois told him, "and we must learn to pay no attention to them. What neurasthenics lack is a power of adaptation. Say then, 'I will pay no attention to these noises; they do not exceed what is possible to bear.'"

"But they are stronger than I. My auditory nerves are endowed with diseased sensibility," the patient replied.

"You are wrong. Your auditory acuteness is

normal. It is not your ears which are too sensitive; it is your mind."

The patient was soon cured of both dyspepsia and insomnia.

A physician, a neurasthenic, wrote to Doctor DuBois from the mountains and when he came Doctor DuBois talked to him about the power of other persons' suggestions upon his organism and the power of his own autosuggestions. The root of his weakness was shown him and he was told that he lacked moral resources and enthusiasm. Finally the patient cried, "You have opened new horizons for me! Why has no one told me this? How is it that I was not able for myself to see these truths?" In a single conversation he had grasped the whole truth.

Doctor DuBois believed that there should be more philosophy and psychology taught to medical students. This was fifteen years ago. Recently, I have heard a New York City physician say that today no medical student could graduate and hope to succeed without understanding the power of psychic healing.

I finished the "Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders" in the country. I had felt concerned over the illness of a rather terrible person across the street — a woman of immense frame who had been ill with nervous prostration for two years. She had not been out of her dooryard

for one year and a half. She was miserable, ill, and unhappy; my heart had gone out to her in unbounded sympathy and I wanted to help her. Fired with Doctor DuBois's wise instructions, I visited my neighbor who readily accepted what I had to offer.

I had been thoroughly impressed with Doctor DuBois's steadily increasing confidence in the efficacy of his own suggestions to his patients, who suffered from various sorts of real maladies despite their cause. His own faith grew by bounds and was increasingly rewarded. He held that a physician should convince himself of certain cure and should know how to transmit this certainty to his patient " by the contagion sincerity engenders . . . A patient is cured on the day when he believes himself cured."

As nearly as I could, I followed in his footsteps using suggestion, common sense, and psychic re-education. And what do you think she said? " Why have I never known of these things before? " In two days she walked up the road, and before we left a few weeks later she was in a fairly normal condition lasting six months; I was too far away then to continue ministrations.

Doctor Dubois taught his patients the necessity of not overcrowding their program as everyone needs healthful rest and time for reflection

and meditation. These tone the moral health, he holds, and our chief occupation should be the constant perfection of the moral ego. He dwells on the unspeakable discomfort resulting from an eminently selfish life and believes it to be dangerous to go through life without either a religion which bestows a philosophy of living, or a philosophy which meets such requirement. The mastery of self is his final admonition. "Happiness and health are secured in no other way."

And thus this book had opened up new horizons for me.

It was September. Mr. Moody and I had come back to our empty house from the summer's holiday. Alone all day long, I was astonished at what happened on the third day. Although an earnest person, I had never been dramatic. Entering my room, in the solitude, absolutely without premeditation, caught in a vortex of deep feeling, I threw my arms out to heaven crying half in whisper, half in voice — almost inarticulate!

"O my God! If there is anything in this world beyond what I can see and hear and feel, beyond what can be perceived with the senses, if we live hereafter, if the soul is immortal — O my God! Give me light!"

I had not prayed for years — years. Later I had reason to wonder what had been going on within my soul, what had happened to challenge my agnosticism. Just as years ago my early religion had been undermined, so recently, my agnosticism had received a dozen damaging shocks. This mind of ours was showing up astonishing reserves; it was potentially capable of hitherto undreamed of powers.

Months later I began the third book I had selected from Doctor Worcester's list, "Mind Power and Privileges," by Albert Olston. The existence of an area of unconscious mind had been already broadly illustrated by Doctor Prince. The great mind area back of this conscious region was not known to the lay reader sixteen years ago; but Mr. Olston declared that in every mind there exists a double consciousness and that in the subconscious mind there are latent forces. Latent forces! Why! This means an inner reservoir of power capable of being tapped for health building, mind building, and character building.

Doctor Prince's hypnotic experiments laid a solid foundation for the message of this new book. In spite of the fact that an hypnotic subject is deprived of his freedom of will, as pernicious as hypnotism often is, yet it has taught

helpful and valuable truths concerning the unconscious area of man's mind. Olston contributed the following facts to the making of my new philosophy.

The so-called subconscious mind is incapable of inductive reasoning, but it has absolute control of bodily functions and is amenable to suggestion. This explains the success of Coué and Worcester both of whom in their psychology advocate the education of the subconscious. They claim it should be made to work for the conscious self. A man with a persistent desire to accomplish a specific end, according to Olston, can impress it upon his subconscious mind at night — just before sleep. The great area of unconscious mind does not sleep and properly impressed obeys directions given it by the conscious mind. Lord Kelvin, for instance, slept on his problems and awoke to find them solved. The subconscious mind has inherent knowledge of mathematics and is capable of measuring time. The food the subconscious mind feeds upon is given by the conscious mind; ordinarily this is done unconsciously, but one is privileged consciously to provide sustaining food.

After the fifty pages on " The Subconscious Mind " came a chapter on " Telepathy." Today many of us know that thoughts, when conditions are favorable, travel from mind to mind.

That thoughts do produce vibrations finer than radio waves is not astonishing, but to me, at that time, it was a new conception.

One day, while hunting for "Mind Power and Privileges," I recalled that I had left the book on the fourth story. During the search my attention was significantly attracted to "Proofs of Life after Death," by Robert Thompson. Although an insatiable reader, I seldom if ever begin one book before finishing another; but this was an exception — an inner impulse was obeyed. Mr. Thompson had lost a brother and had written to eminent men of the Western world — to scientists, philosophers, psychical investigators, and spiritualists. He asked their strongest reason or argument, advanced by science or philosophy or common sense, in favor of the continued existence of the soul, or personal identity after death. Let us open the book in reminiscence of one of my red letter chapters. Here it is! We read in a letter from Doctor Thomson J. Hudson:[1]

"The fundamental postulate is that there can exist no faculty of the human mind without a normal function to perform somewhere, at some time, in some state of existence. . . . If, therefore, it can be shown that man is endowed with

[1] Author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena."

faculties that perform no normal function in this life, it follows that they must be destined for use in a future life; *a fortiori* if they are especially adapted to a disembodied existence (at least to an existence without the physical body). The facts relied upon to prove that man is endowed with such faculties have been developed in recent years by Experimental Psychology."

What were these faculties to which he refers? A perfect memory, instinct or intuition, telepathic powers, and telekinetic energy. The subjective mind, as he calls it, is the seat of the emotions. We shall not go into the details of his thesis, but in order to tell this story, we must quote Doctor Hudson's conclusions:

"Recurring now to the fundamental postulate — there can exist no faculty without a function — I submit that I have shown that a man possesses faculties that perform no normal function in this life. The inevitable conclusion is that those faculties must perform their functions in a future life — in a higher plane of existence. And I have vastly reinforced the argument by showing that the subjective faculties are especially adapted to a disembodied existence. Not one faculty is missing to constitute a perfect manhood — an entity essentially God-like in its every attribute. Thus, intuition, inerrant de-

ductive powers and a potentially perfect memory, constitute a mental equipment that is literally God-like, for that by infinite extension of its powers it would become omniscient. An infinite expansion of the power of telikinesis would constitute omnipotence — the dynamic spiritual energy that resembles matter and builds the material universe. Telepathic powers, by infinite extension, would constitute omnipresence. And the affectional emotions, purified, legitimated, and infinitely extended, would be infinite and universal love.

" It will thus be seen that every attribute of the Deity exists, potentially or in embryo, in the subjective mind of man. But in this life that mind is submerged below the threshold of normal consciousness, so that its very existence is discoverable by means of pathological conditions of the body. But experimental psychology has at length revealed its presence, and, to some extent, defined its powers and limitations; so that we may now study the problems of the human soul by the process of induction. A psychic fact is as much a fact as a granite mountain; and it has been by careful study and scientific experiment that the facts herein set forth have been revealed and made a part of the inductive equipment of the science of the twentieth century.

" The facts are well known to every intelligent student of psychic science. The conclusions are my own. But I submit that I am justified, upon a careful analysis of man's subjective faculties thus revealed. in holding that they proclaim his Divine origin, and enable us to declare that if Nature is constant there cannot have been created such a manhood without a mission, such powers without a purpose, such faculties without a function, other than those in evidence in our earthly environment."

At this point in my reading, I paused in full realization that the inner life is more real than granite mountains. I was infused with a tumultuous rush of feeling and simultaneously by this penetrating conviction: *We continue to live after death;* the soul is immortal! The clarity and intensity are difficult to transcribe. It was superficially a triumph of reason in the external self, but the intuitive conviction was striking — a lightning bolt from the deeper Source within. This conviction might have penetrated my understanding before except for a blockade erected by my external self. But the lightning bolt was not all. It was accompanied by instantaneous clearness of inner vision which transformed the normal dimness of the soul into light, and I recalled my prayer which had faded from my mind: " If we live hereafter, if the soul is im-

mortal — O my God! Give me light! " No, I did not exactly recall the prayer for there the prayer was — and there the answer! And feeling culminated in breathless amazement: " O wonderful! O wonder of wonders! Prayers are answered! " Some intelligence hears and answers, had responded to my cry for help. I was moved to thanksgiving.

I wanted to tell Professor Moody when he came home — he always understood — I looked him full in the eyes and turned away, I could not voice the experience, not till later, not till that evening when we walked along the Hudson River at sunset. And finally I said, " Just think how short the span of time here — in this life; whatever happens of whatever nature, we can face the outcome with courage. We shall know that all serves some great end. There is no death, only change, the individual goes on — on. Isn't it wonderful? "

Every agnostic has his special obstructions to belief, and I had mine but could not define them. Who did know them? They were undiscoverable by any human teacher, and yet since the day upon which that prayer for Light was uttered there has been a steady, consecutive order of education. Just the books, just the needed words heard at the psychological moment came " through open or winding passages." Just the

preliminary chapters necessary to the intellectual appreciation of Hudson's argument had been read; they were in the book left on the fourth story. As said to my Professor at the time, "It is as though an invisible teacher who can read my mind has led me, step by step, by the stumbling blocks peculiarly my own." No human being knows the accumulations of impressions and thoughts and words and acts and experience that make up the total of another personality — nor indeed his own!

My friend! I had asked for Light with an earnest heart moved to deep feeling. That was years ago. From that day to this, as I have been able to absorb it, I have received more and more Light; it is obscured only by my own inattention and limitations.

Life took on a deeper meaning from then on. A cognized realm of reality other than the physical had been entered. Prayer was answered. "Very well," was the decision, "I will pray!" What do I desire most to know? I want to know for myself, to have it written in my own demonstrated experience, that the following are psychic facts:

(1) Is telekinesis a power latent in man — is there some power unknown to science whereby matter can be controlled by mind?

(2) Is it possible for thought to reach another person, if so may telepathy be proven to me?

(3) Is there any possibility of communication between the so-called dead and the living?

For answers to these three questions, I prayed reverently and earnestly; they were answered within a few months — all of them.

In June 1908 we met Professor Botazzi of the University of Naples. Several years previous to this, he had been asked to attend a séance by Palladino, at that time the world's most famous medium. Everyone interested enough to investigate all the data about Palladino knows two facts: She has been caught cheating; she had, in spite of that, indisputable so-called powers beyond the normal. The English scientist who exposed her cheating continued his experiments and afterwards found her phenomena genuine; he honorably published his findings.

Now Professor Botazzi, in common with most scientists, maintained a pronounced prejudice against demonstrations of psychic phenomena. Like most scientists who have been almost forced into such investigation he was not interested, his objection was positive, and he refused to have anything to do with the medium. His friends from time to time renewed their importunities; he remained obdurate, he refused to entangle

himself in such arrant nonsense. The persistence continued until his curiosity was aroused when he finally took the matter in hand to disprove their assertions. He was confident of his ability to do this. These were the conditions under which he consented: He was to be allowed to use any device for detection of fraud, and Palladino was not to come near the university until she arrived for the experiment.

They agreed with one exception — he must make no startling sounds. Why? Because they might bring her abruptly out of her trance condition. Some men with the spirit of investigation held a séance several years ago in a New York City hotel; the medium was a personal friend. Through a misunderstanding the bell boy knocked at the door and violently brought back to consciousness the medium, who went into convulsions. He seemed at death's door before the doctor came, and did not fully recover till the next day.

Physical experiment in the laboratory succeeds only under given conditions; it is not surprising that this is likewise true of spiritualistic experiment. Whatever the cause producing the phenomena, the medium's state of passivity is better induced in the dark or in a dim light — perhaps for the same reason that one goes to sleep more easily in the dark.

Professor Botazzi used two rooms connected by double doors; the stone partitions were thick enough to make a narrow cabinet closed in by black curtains parallel to the doors. He made a peek-hole in the double door for his assistant who from the other room was to watch activities within the cabinet. He also made electric connections to light this enclosure sufficiently for the assistant to see clearly.

The night for the trial arrived and with it Palladino. Whenever there was any disturbance behind the curtains, Professor Botazzi pressed the bulb in his pocket. The astonished assistant behind the scenes saw numerous articles lifted without hands from the shelf in the cabinet; he saw a trumpet apparently lifted by invisible hands and heard it played; he saw a bell lifted and heard it ring. He could scarcely credit the evidence of his sight and hearing.

Professor Botazzi was immensely puzzled; he had Palladino again and again come to his laboratory where he observed with all the care of meticulous scientific method, where, as he subjected her to ingenious tests, with his own eyes he saw this sort of thing over and over. The outcome was the same as it had been with all great scientists who have persisted through long periods of time, he was forced to recognize the phenomena as genuine.

These facts Professor Botazzi told us during a social call in Naples. He said, too, that he did not ascribe the phenomena to a discarnate spirit, but to some unknown biological law. He humored Palladino by urging on John King — her control — simply because to deny him was to hurt her feelings. He finally tired of the experiments — the same round of phenomena, nothing new, and one never got anywhere. Yes, he would try to arrange a séance for us. Palladino had just returned from England, very tired, and was planning to rest until autumn, but, because of her friendship for him, he thought he might win her consent.

A few evenings later our party met Palladino outside the University of Naples. Professor Botazzi unlocked the outer door, led us through one building out into a court beyond, and into his laboratories through a door at the farther side. There was no one about, for college was closed. I was with Palladino every minute till the sitting began, in fact, from the time we entered until we left the building; Professor Botazzi showed the men about while they examined the premises. The company sat around a kitchen table in a small laboratory. The one electric light was dimmed by a handkerchief that was afterwards scorched and removed, leaving light enough to see the expressions on our faces.

Palladino's hands were observable and were held by persons on either side and her feet were held down by other feet.

Professor Moody had voted against going, for at that time he believed spiritualistic phenomena a myth, but as his was a lone dissenting vote among seven, he was overruled. He was in a disapproving mood until the kitchen table began to rear about, and in his amazement, he forgot himself back to normal. The table lurched toward him; he reached forth his hand and determinedly pressed it to the floor — he was noting the amount of force to overcome.

Several times, the medium's foot, upon which mine was firmly placed, gave a convulsive kick into the air. And what happened? The resultant sound came on the double doors behind the cabinet and resounded like horses' hoofs on a barn door. A candle stick rushed through the air from behind the curtain and crashed on the table; a plate heavy with wet clay, resting on a chair in sight beyond Palladino's reach, rose into the air and fell heavily on the table. A cloud-like arm reached around from the top of the curtain about nine feet from the floor — perfectly defined till it reached the hand. A light condensed into a pear-like shape hovered over her head.

Yes, certainly, these are absurd in themselves,

but that is not the question: "Are they genuine phenomena, and, if so, what facts lie beneath them? The plate, for instance, was not behind the curtain; it rose without visible hands in plain sight. What force was applied to the plate? What was the origin of that arm? What was the source of that lambent light so distinctly seen? The causes are outside physical science and suggest a new field of exploration.

Something had happened to Palladino during the session; she was ghastly pale and her strength was quite depleted. There she sat — sunken, collapsed. I realized as I watched her that we had enjoyed an evening's entertainment at her expense; her vitality had been sapped, however one accounted for the phenomena. I accompanied her to the window where she was actively nauseated and it was only after she had drunk a cup of coffee that the poor creature was revived enough to pull herself together and depart with the guests.

There was the answer to question one.

The same summer, in Paris, I awoke one morning at five o'clock. The beds were arranged foot to foot — my husband slumbered. "Try to reach his thoughts now," the thought came. Since the message must be something out of the ordinary I considered carefully. This

was to be a scientific experiment which would interest both Mr. Moody and myself, but I was disturbed lest I should take undue liberty with his freedom of action if my thoughts did reach him. However, being equally interested in the search for truth, if the trial succeeded, he would be equally pleased and I decided to take the risk for this once only.

The party of seven had dispersed and we had remained ten days in Paris resting from strenuous travel. Not one morning had we dressed before the breakfast arrived in the room at nine o'clock. My face buried in the pillow, I thought over and over: " I want you to do something for me just as soon as you awake. Be in a great hurry to get dressed. Don't stop to reason why, but just be in a great hurry. And as I warmed to my subject, " Be in such a hurry that you will omit your bath — But no! that will never do, you'll not like that — For a minute think that you will postpone your bath, but take it in a hurry and get dressed before breakfast," and I turned over and went to sleep.

" What time is it? " The voice came from across the room and awoke me. Looking at the watch under my pillow, I replied,

" It is ten minutes past eight."

" My! " was the response, " I must hurry! " He flip-flapped across the floor in his heelless

slippers and disappeared in the wash-room. Hurry — splash — bump — hurry — scurry! I sat up in bed convulsed with laughter until his head appeared from around the corner.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, never mind now, go ahead, don't let me disturb you. I will tell you when you have finished. He disappeared promptly.

Before the breakfast came, he was dressed, groomed for the day. The tray arrived; he pushed the table to the bedside and sat down.

"Now," I said, "I will tell you why I have been laughing. Why have you been hurrying at this rapid-fire rate?"

He put down his cup, appeared puzzled, and then looked me squarely in the face.

"I don't know."

"But, my dear, you have not been dressed before breakfast once in the ten days we have been in Paris, and you know we agreed to get thoroughly rested mornings. You must have had some reason for rushing as though you were to catch a train!"

"I had no reason. Isn't it astonishing?"

The telepathic experiment was explained, and he replied:

"It worked — with no shadow of doubt."

When we talked it over he admitted that he

had felt foolish, but that he did not mind in the least, for it was a great proof!

There was the answer to question two.

On the night of August thirtieth we were in a boarding house in London where we had been for fifteen days. We were scarcely settled in bed, long enough only for me to poke my pillow into my neck and relax, when two bangs crashed the bureau by my side. The blows were heavy — two peremptory sounds! Between me and the bureau was a chair holding a glass and pitcher of water.

"What are you doing?" asked the Professor.

"I? I didn't do that!"

"But you must have," said he.

"My dear, my arms are by my sides — and I can't reach the bureau from here." And then, suddenly, "You didn't do anything, did you?"

"Of course not," he replied as he jumped from the bed.

Naturally, we both thought there was someone in the room, what else could we think? But there was no one in the room, not under the bed, not in the wardrobe which we examined, although it would admit but a child of three. He stood by the bed-side, his eyebrows knit in perplexity; he continued to stand so long that

finally I ventured, " I don't see that we can do anything about it, do you? You may as well turn out the light and get into bed," which he did — utterly amazed!

We settled down, and as though there were a time limit, a clean-cut, distinct knocking began on the wall back of our heads. Knock — knock — knock — knock — slight pauses between the groups of numbers, knock — knock — on they went. A half hour went by, and the man who always goes to sleep when his head settles on his pillow, lay awake, listening, wondering. Finally, he slept; the knocking continued. The St. Pancreas clock struck the quarter hours. An hour passed, the knocks persisted. Since nothing could be done, why not stop listening and go to sleep? After three in the morning, I awoke to a silent room and reached for a glass of water; while in the act of drinking, the knocks began again and continued till I fell asleep an hour later.

The next morning both of us, trained to careful investigation, began a patient search for clues. I left the room to reach up from the staircase outside and knock on the wall; Mr. Moody within the room was to call out if the quality and position of the knocks were accurate. In a minute I rushed back into the room with astonished eyes.

"The wall is stone. It is impossible to make a sound on it!"

It was a stone wall without and within the room; one might just as successfully try to beat a tattoo on a block of granite. For twenty minutes the attempt was made to reproduce the knocks in various parts of the room, but done with a refrain from the gentleman,

"I suppose we are foolish! We know those sounds came directly from the wall back of our heads — and it is a stone wall!"

The following evening, in precise repetition, just as I adjusted my pillow into my neck, the knocking began again — back of, between, and on a level with our heads. We knew it was a physical impossibility to make those sounds, and yet there they were — crisp, determined, persistent. Mechanically I counted the knocks; it was difficult for the tongue to keep pace with their rapidity as they neared the twenties. It occurred to me once that some one might be trying to reach us; if that were true, how discouraging!

"Is someone trying to speak to us? If so knock three times." I thought.

I counted: one, two, three, four, five — a deliberate pause. One, two, three, four — a pause. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, up to fourteen — a pause. There I stopped

counting. A mind producing these sounds was not reading my thoughts.

The Professor lay awake an astonishingly long period and I listened till the St. Pancreas clock struck two — the knocks were disturbing to one's serenity of mind. All was normal the following night and the next day we sailed for America.

Mr. Moody went for our mail while I stayed at my sister's; meanwhile the story of the London knocks was told. My brother-in-law asked, "Did you translate the knocks one — A, two — B, three — C, and so on?" Dull-witted, it had never entered my mind. Twenty-five was the highest number of knocks, and the only consecutive numbers counted had been 5, 4, 14, EDN — my name is Edna.

Mr. Moody returned and, as he stood in the doorway, asked:

"What was the date when we heard the two blows on the bureau?"

"The second night, when I lay awake for hours, was the night of that terrific storm — the night when the ships were wrecked on the shore of England."

"That was the thirty-first," he replied.

"The two blows and the first knocks occurred on August thirtieth! Well, Grandmother Ames died that night."

Allowing for the difference in time, she was

still alive, but unconscious when the bureau was struck; when the knocks began after three in the morning, she had gone. There are records of such communications begun during unconsciousness and continued after so-called death.

Grandmother Ames was ninety-two — a vivid, forceful personality; it would be difficult to imagine her annihilation. She would have moved heaven and earth to explain a fact that came to our knowledge later.

And so there within a period of several months all three of the questions in my prayer were answered; my search for knowledge was rewarded, my curiosity satisfied. Emerson says, "That statement only is fit to be made public which you have come at in attempting to satisfy your own curiosity." These three questions concerned extraordinary phenomena. Such demonstrations serve to break through one's materialism; they indicate unknown realms, unknown laws; they assist in awakening the understanding to the super-physical, and beyond to the spiritual. I do not and never have accepted psychic phenomena as spiritual truths, they merely assist in building up a faith in existence transcending the physical.

Whether or not the contribution to knowledge achieved by mediumship has offset harm to mediums is hard to say. Surely there is already

sufficient reliable testimony in the findings of the psychic societies to satisfy a sincere seeker after truth. The further use of ouija boards should be discouraged as there seems no doubt regarding their danger. As to the development of mediums, which in so many cases has resulted in insanity, there should at least be wise discrimination.

The construction of a belief is certainly " here a little and there a little." It is impossible in short space to trace its sources, to take every step in one's mental processes lasting over years; the best that can be done is to jump from stone to stone as the stream is ascended.

My study continued, mainly, at this period, on the mind's power over the body. I read all the literature springing from the Emmanuel Church Movement in Boston; I read authoritative studies by physicians; I read and re-read and assimilated them and whenever I could I attempted to practice these truths.

One morning I went into the kitchen as usual to look over the day's supplies. There was the frail little Irish cook with a deathly pallor, red eyelids, and lustreless eyes. At once my heart went out to her in sympathy.

" Why Ellen," I exclaimed, " whatever is the matter? "

"O Mrs. Moody! I feel very sick! I have a terrible headache; I haven't been sleeping well; I lie awake nights and I am very miserable!"

Looking at her, my desire to give her relief was poignant. Why not? What others do, I ought to be able to accomplish. I could! I would!

"Ellen," I said gently, "do you think that I could put you to sleep? If I can, I can cure you."

We pulled down the shades and in a minute she slept. With consecrated heart and serious purpose, I talked earnestly to her unconscious mind, not forgetting to suggest, regular, normal, and healthful sleep at night. In fifteen minutes she was awakened and the window shades were raised. Her flesh had become firm, the color had returned to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes."

"Oh my! Oh my!" she exclaimed in perfect delight, "I have no headache at all. I never felt better." And she truly was her bright little self. As far as could be judged the cure was permanent; after that and as long as she was in that home, she slept normally.

The plain fact is — it was an hypnotic cure. I realized this afterwards. I cured a friend of rheumatism in this manner, and another friend of diffidence. But let us expand. Experiment

has shown hypnotism to be dangerous — frightfully so. It has been claimed that hypnotic cures are not permanent; as an illustration the case is cited of a man who was cured of stuttering, but who eighteen months later developed twitching of the face. A cure is never permanent in which the originating cause is not removed. A man is subject to fits of anger; each outbreak affects his cells. He may be cured of rheumatism — which may have been the result — but a new seizure of wrath produces new effects on his bodily organism. The objection to hypnotism is not that the cure may be impermanent, but that it deprives the subject of his freedom of will. It is because it becomes increasingly difficult to resist the hypnotist — and he may be a villain. The author of a volume on hypnotism claims to hypnotize persons when they do not know it. Think of it! He writes: "You can then proceed by a few well chosen suggestions to put him dead asleep and induce somnambulism or trance in the regular way. He will ever after be your subject if you understand your business in giving post-hypnotic suggestion." It will be seen that it is a terrific source of danger and that is why I repudiate the method now that I understand. It took a high pitch of sympathy and confidence to arouse my initiative in this respect and instinctively I dealt with it

gingerly. Hypnotism is the " Black Magic " of the ages.

The months rolled by and the results from that initial prayer unfolded. One evening at dinner the hostess announced that she had tickets for " The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Eleanor Robson, as Glad, was a London slum girl who had been told when in need to ask. A lady visiting the hospital had told her to close her eyes and ask when she was in trouble, had told her to ask whenever she required help of any sort. The answer would come " natural like," the telephone bell would ring, there would be a knock at the door. Her part was to " arst " and the answer would surely come; and in the play she did ask and the answers came one by one.

This play proved thrilling to me who had learned that prayers are answered. Ten days later a friend called me on the telephone. Mr. Frohman had given her a box at the theatre, she had one extra seat, would I go? It proved to be " The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Having seen the play, I insisted upon a back seat; I doubt if anybody ever meditated more deeply during the performance, for a remark made by one of the actors hit my mind with the impact of a baseball. It left me with a question:

" Is is possible that the law underlying prayer

governs in the material realm; did one get *things* through prayer?" This was not my idea of prayer, but could it be true? "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." An amazing statement! Was Jesus quoted correctly? Was it true? Would things respond to prayer? I had sat through this play once and this idea had not penetrated. Had I been brought a second time to learn a new truth in spiritual knowledge? Was this another answer to my prayer for Light?

Years before I had graduated from the Bible and now I never looked into it. Here in search for truth, I was faced with the teachings of The Nazarene and I read them eagerly. Yes, it seemed as if Jesus taught that higher powers controlled things. Someone had given my sister "Lessons in Truth," by H. Emilie Cady, and I revelled in her chapter on "Faith." I kept this aspect of truth in mind; either these words of Jesus were intended in a literal sense or not. I wanted to know and I determined to search for this knowledge.

There was opportunity the following summer to give twelve dollars to a friend. Professors get paid in June and not again till October; they usually have to watch out. My Professor told me to do exactly as I thought best. It was sent,

but it effected a train of thought. God's patience is infinite; it must be to persist through our interminably slow evolution. You know how it is? Doubt! This was my chance to pray, not for money, but for information. Should the time ever come when in need of money, could it be gotten in answer to prayer? I had sent the money; I did not need it then; I was not asking for it; I was asking for a definite item of information — if twelve dollars were ever needed, would it come in answer to prayer?

The next day but one, we were driving to Georgetown for supplies. Simultaneously a guest and I saw a pocket-book lying on the road near the wheels of the carriage. It contained twelve dollars — a ten dollar bill and two ones! The owner was searched for and found in a few days. But the prayer was answered literally — absolutely! And others have been answered as the years have passed, quite as explicitly.

There is a very definite promise in Jeremiah that God will hearken to us if we call upon him, and that we shall find God when we search for Him with all our heart. True indeed, but it seldom happens, because we do not search with all our heart.

The previous June, on Washington Street, Boston, we caught sight of Little, Brown and

Company's bookstore. "Isn't that where Norman works?" I asked. We had known Norman all our lives — he had been a near neighbor for years; we called, but he was out. As we were leaving, my attention was arrested at an interesting counter where fifty-cent books were selling for fifteen. One of them I selected to read on the train. It was "Selections from Epictetus."

Perceiving a fact intellectually fundamentally differs from discerning it spiritually. As Emerson says, "God screens us evermore from premature ideas. Our eyes are holden that we cannot see things that stare us in the face, until the hour arrives when the mind is ripened — then we behold them, and the time when we saw them not is like a dream."

This little volume of Epictetus belonged to me "for aid or comfort" and "came through winding passages" as Emerson promises. I was primed, I was ripe for this red-letter friend — Epictetus. The following was the specific message: "You are a distinct portion of the essence of God and contain a certain part of Him within yourself. . . . You carry a God about with you, poor wretch, and know nothing of it. Do you suppose that I mean some God without you of gold or silver? *It is within yourself that you carry him.*" A hurled stone strikes the surface of a serene lake — the circles ripple out-

ward from the center. Such was the effect of these words upon my understanding; they stirred its entire surface and upon it was cast the brilliant light of spiritual perception. My spiritual understanding of later years has been founded upon this fundamental truth. I was increasingly impressed by the fact that God dwells within the soul of man, and the idea crystallized into a prayer to feel, to become aware of this Divine presence within.

Puzzling questions at this time were made subjects of petition. What about keeping the Sabbath day holy? Holy in what sense? Was my earlier conception of Sunday more acceptable? Had my Sundays become too free and easy? I determined to face the outcome — unflinching — acting accordingly. The same day I read in Sir Oliver Lodge's " Science and Immortality ": " . . . It is the life and teachings of the greatest Prophet that we shall do well to study diligently when we wish to disentangle and display some of the secrets of the spiritual universe; and by the saints his words have always been recognized as the highest yet spoken on earth between man and man and between man and God." And farther down the page were these words: " *The Sabbath was made for man.*" I had been completely absorbed in read-

ing, but these six words stood out in bold relief and my whole attention was spasmodically claimed. And again the words were accompanied by an inner flash of illumination — it effected an intuitive understanding that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. Such intuitions are bathed in an atmosphere of enlightened common sense, sweetness, and oh, such love! And they are crystal clear above expression.

" Science and Immortality " was finished, the book closed. How could any human being place a low value on his place in the universe? Think of it! Each one is an agent — an agent of God. How astounding and what a privilege! Thoughts crowded one upon another. God needs us, needs me; His work on earth is done through us; we can will to be or not to be His agents. What a glorious opportunity and what a sacred right! Needed — needed — actually needed to consummate His plan, needed to carry out His will here in earth-life! It would have been easy to throw myself prostrate in gratitude and thanksgiving.

And there, under the trees, on that July day, in that peaceful old New England dooryard, I dedicated myself to the service of my Maker totally and unreservedly — a complete conse-

cration. How temporary and insignificant are all ills if they but serve to make us more efficient agents of the Supreme Guide. Out of that thought blossomed a prayer: "Holy spirit! Use me to fulfill Thy purpose here on earth. I will serve Thee to the limits of my possibilities. Increase in me knowledge and strength that I may lay their fruits at Thy feet. I humbly beg Thee to accept all that I am, all that I can do, all that I can give. I consecrate myself unto Thee and dedicate my life to Thy service."

O friend! How can I translate for you the swift response to that prayer and transmit at the same time the accompanying inner light illuminating the outer happening!

Suddenly — Oh, marvel of marvels! A soft radiance stole upon me fold upon fold and mounted into a tumultuous joy — a degree of happiness that was a revelation. Years before, this state had been touched, suggested, its surface had been skimmed when in love. A wonder-working change enveloped the external world, even the lovely summer atmosphere — purified, sparkled with scintillating light. I walked under the trees, beyond, out under the open sky; its brilliancy was accentuated and its depths were deepened until it revealed hitherto hidden loveliness. The trees, the birds, the flowers intensified in their beauty and charm

drew forth my love in throbbing joyousness. Could one small being contain so much of bliss? Had I ever been unhappy in the past? How could it have happened? It could never be again; I had not understood. I longed fervently to share my joy with everyone in the world, longed to be greatly good, to be good greatly to every person known and to each unknown. All sense of self for self's sake was obliterated; the desire was to serve understandingly from a hiding place — it was all one. An insistent desire for solitude, almost a pain, seized me, a desire to go to the woods and throw myself prostrate on the pine needles and worship and give thanks. There was a keen sense of relationship, an intimacy with all created things; there was a vivid, intuitive conviction that the soul is immortal. I knew it, knew it without controversy, without question. I knew that that which is called evil is a phase, a stage of growth, that it does not endure. I understood better the world — the world of people — all were climbing toward a divine end. My tenderness flowered and my love expanded till it encompassed all living creatures. I breathed deep, more deeply, in an atmosphere of serenity, balance, poise, and ecstatic bliss.

"Release! Escape!
Shall I speak of the door swung wide, of the unbarred gates?
Look! I am flushed with inexhaustible possessions!
The old measures vanish, I am expanded to infinite sweep.
O world! How dead to you — only seeing you, knowing you at last. . . .
The infinite blue, heaven's fond eye, opens upon me."

HORACE TRAUBEL

I had been aware of the presence of the God within and another fervent prayer had been answered. It is as impossible for me adequately to translate this transcendent experience as to carve Transfiguration scenes on an ivory triptych in a walnut shell. Its effects lasted for months — months. Our professor of psychology disclosed to me its special significance. Yes, he knew of similar cases. Had I read Bucke's "Cosmic Consciousness"? It was unknown to me, but I bought the book and read it. Yes, that was it — a temporary expansion of consciousness — an introduction to the "Brahmic Splendor" of the East. It was as old as history, coming to even humble individuals of whatever religion who have reached the necessary state of mind.

All consciousness is God-consciousness, but "cosmic consciousness" is an advance over the self-consciousness enjoyed by the average man. Balzac called the person who enjoyed it for an appreciable length of time "a specialist" — one who experiences and therefore speaks with authority concerning transcendent truths. My brief initiation into this marvelously sweet luminous state was the culmination of several years of spiritual education and spiritual evolution, proving to me that the proper gate into the world of spiritual reality is by the way of the inner man. "It can never be forgotten of my love."

As the years proceeded, I made a study of philosophy, psychology, psychic phenomena, hypnotism, and spiritualism — superimposed upon the ground of special scientific education. Step by step I came into age-old knowledge. I absorbed truths from Pythagoras, Plato, and from my beloved Epictetus. I learned from Dante, Edwin Arnold, from Browning, and oh! such valuable gems from my esteemed Emerson! My understanding grew, and understanding is what Solomon in all his wisdom advised: "With all thy getting, get understanding." To get understanding continued to be the ardent object of my existence — the goal of my effort. Had there been anything to compare with spiritual

wisdom, had it been within easy reach, Solomon would not have bidden us to search for it.

My original agnosticism partly issued from ignorance of sense organ limitations, which preclude registration of vibrations outside of definite limit markers. The modern telescope discloses stars unseen through the instrument of fifty years ago; the stars were there, but the instrument was inadequate. There are rare human beings throughout the ages who testify to a larger field of observation. Thoreau, for instance, Swedenborg, and, in modern times, Blavatsky, Kingsford, Maitland, Rudolph Steiner, and so on. When St. Paul tells us that we have other bodies than the "natural" (the physical), it is interesting to follow the testimony of honest intelligent men who claim to see them.

Is it not possible that all in the realm of the superconscious may be the result of functioning through finer bodies — the spiritual bodies referred to by St. Paul?

In earlier days, while attending scientific college, I scorned as ludicrous the idea that this vividly real physical world could in any sense be called an "illusion," but that also was a result of too little knowledge. At this present stage of evolution we are three-dimensional intelligences. Ouspensky supposes a one-dimensional intelligence, conscious of nothing beyond a

straight line. A wheel rolled across this line appears to such a limited being as a dot, a reality to this creature, but an "illusion" to us. We know it to be something more than a dot. A two-dimensional intelligence perceives only a plane and sees the wheel run over its surface as a straight line, a reality to this creature, but an "illusion" to us. In this case also we know it to be something more than a straight line. Suppose a being with a four-dimensional intelligence, what would a wheel appear to him? Would he not be justified in calling the wheel as we see it an "illusion"?

As the consciousness expands new truths are revealed and it is therefore not surprising that pioneers in advanced consciousness have something to teach those interested to make the search. Life is more than is apparent on the surface, there being an infinity of realities beyond our present perception; the roots of humanity penetrate to the depths of the universe.

Facts that I learned, step by step, through study, through research, and through personal experience, taught me that Solomon's wisdom constitutes a distinct body of knowledge.

The first intimation of the world's hidden teaching came to me in the High School. "What secret knowledge did Pythagoras reserve for the hidden few?" No answer forth-

came and the question was relegated to a mental shelf. Later, suggestion of a body of hidden knowledge in "Life Everlasting" by Marie Corelli prepared my mind for the convincing findings of Edward Carpenter after his illuminating visit to India. In "Adam's Peak to Elephanta" he declares the practical certainty of such a collection of knowledge handed down in every age of the world and in every country bringing about a freemasonry among the great teachers throughout history — "from the Eastern sages down through Pythagoras, Plato, Paul, the gnostic schools, the great mediaeval chemists, the German mystics, and others, to the great philosophers and poets of our own time."

Jesus the Christ — indeed all of the great religious teachers are known to have taught secret knowledge to their chosen disciples. Paul frequently speaks of "The Mysteries." Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, as well as St. Clement of Alexandria and his pupil Origen prove in their writings that "The Greater and Lesser Mysteries" were taught in the early Christian Church. They were taught, moreover, in other times, in other lands — in India, Chaldaea, Persia, Greece, and so we might go on!

Hidden teaching in "The Mysteries" of all countries, through all time — what is its purport? It constitutes an overwhelming avalanche

of vital, scientific truth possessed by many of the world's greatest writers, causing, as Carpenter wrote, a freemasonry among them. A key is often needed to clarify their statements; that part of the hitherto hidden teaching now given to the public provides a key — it is a key that fits perfectly. It unlocks obscure passages in Browning, and in Balzac, and throws open a door that illuminates exalted expressions in Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter, creators of the transcendent works, "Leaves of Grass" and "Towards Democracy." These mysteries reveal esoteric law as the basis of all religions climaxed by the Christian religion; it is that which unites them, unifies them with single underlying purpose. This hidden teaching discloses the inner spiritual evolutionary process through which the soul of man passes to achieve divinity.

Within the last fifty years, emanating from the West and from the East, there has been concerted effort to share a portion of this formerly secret knowledge with those who want it and are prepared for it. It throws light on the understanding of life, and it is this light that continued to come as I ploughed through book after book, year after year. Over and over — much to my interested surprise — I was led directly back to the Bible. Instruction came as I was able to assimilate it, according to my individual need;

it came in consecutive order; and it came, too, in response to steady inner direction. Think what it meant! A constant leading as though led by an invisible teacher conversant with my individual requirements and limitations. It was a leading through new avenues of thought each necessary in passing from the circumference of the understanding of life to the living Temple at the Center.

Thus step by step my stultifying agnosticism had been left behind and a firmly founded belief had come to take its place. Nothing ever more true was said than this: A philosophy, even that which includes an obligation to live in response to highest ideals, provides no incentive comparable to that derived from initial spiritual understanding. I know it! I have passed from the first stage to the second. I know that the Supreme plan for man's soul evolution includes man's voluntary co-operation. I know that co-operation necessitates activity in every department of man's being — physical, mental, moral, and spiritual. I know that the help of every human unit is required. That means my help — and yours! As for my weaknesses and limitations, I must make brave effort to transcend them! I cannot indulge them. I must be on the watch, alert; I must goad myself to courage, to self-control. I must become master of my

mortal self, my bodily frailties, my emotions; no longer shall they master me! I must daily exert my mental faculties to a task beyond the point of ease. I must observe with greater care, discipline my halting memory, exercise and season my reason. And why? why? Because God needs all I have to offer, for there is no substitute for me, none for you! The world suffers through indifference and ignorance. I must watch my thoughts — every life is founded on thoughts — I must control them, must institute good thought-habits. I must guard the door of my lips — dire results obtain through unguarded lips. I must push myself to prompt initiative, tackle each problem intelligently and bravely.

Is there any more to be done in the day's living? Yes, the true understanding of life dignifies labor, incites to ready service, quickens moral sensitiveness, softens the soul in sympathy, and urges selflessness. True spiritual wisdom bids farewell to casual and intermittent effort. It regards life as a school, as providing a series of obstacles to be overcome. It affords an ever-present incentive to walk erect as becomes a child of the Most High and to carry within that straight body a soul erect and sure.

My life under a philosophy was passively good, my life under even partial spiritual understanding became actively ardent in the pursuit

of good. In comparison the first is negative, the second, positive. A philosophy serves as a superficial covering; a modicum of spiritual understanding as quality and beauty woven into the fabric of the soul. The spiritual nature wisely cannot be ignored; it is the source of aspiration and inspiration flashing on the soul through the intuitions — gleams from loftier regions of reality. They cannot force entrance through a mind seething with mundane interests. Spiritual vitality should be renewed, constantly — the Source enfolds us. I crave spiritual food and it awaits — within; there is the Divine Presence which revivifies. I must earnestly desire, center my attention inwardly, and await its flow of Peace. I am assured of the greatest of all gifts — all the Divine love my limitations permit. It will flow through my soul into visible expression. No need now to put my arms on the mantelshelf and weep in desolation. No! I reach my arms cross-shape to the sky with an abiding faith in predominant good, in the soul's sure unfoldment, and in continuous life. For this journey has led me, step by step, to a larger understanding of life, to a deeper insight into its spiritual import, and to the knowledge that spiritual verities are not proven in the physical laboratory, but within the soul. Love is as definite a reality as steel, but it functions according

to its own laws on another plane than the physical — a more exalted plane on which man achieves spiritual experience.

At my journey's end, then, together with truth, I have found faith.

Faith? Why, my faith is based on knowledge; it is a living, vibrant energy — an imperishable reality. The sense world is an external thing, but the universe? Why! That opens within the soul! Let me bear witness to the reality, to the intensity of spiritual existence — to the Divine within. Do not sorrow, dear one, bear it bravely, have faith, and you shall see! For surely, surely, God manifest — the Logos — is in close touch with humanity. He understands! Open your soul to the Living Word, have Faith, and you shall emerge triumphant.

EPILOGUE

One morning in the early autumn of 1917, I awoke to the intense stillness of the forest dawn and lay with closed eyes, thinking. I was not half asleep; my mind was active. Suddenly a clear cut, low, rich voice vibrated on my inner hearing. I did not imagine a voice — here was one sounding precisely as a voice sounds that strikes the physical ear. If this is what is called clairaudience, it was my first and only experience. And these were the words:

"Write out your experiences!"

Instantly my thought responded, "But I can't write."

No more words were heard, but an answer came through the avenue of thought crisp and authoritative:

"You make yourself understood in speech; write and rewrite and write again until you can make yourself clear in writing. Begin with your study of life; when you have finished, write out your experiences!"

From that day to this there has been an unalterable intention to exert myself and obey. Periods of eight months have passed without opportunity to proceed. However, at last my thread is unwound and knit into two garments: "We Are Here — Why?" and "A Journey Step By Step To Truth." I breathe freely; I have obeyed the inner word.

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